

unmercenary attitude, readily assented.

In Hyam's last month she decided to do something she had never done before—pay him a visit at the college. She had never wished to humiliate the young man by letting his friends know he was to marry a girl who worked in a clothing store. Secretly she had tried to improve herself so as to be able to face the world as his wife. She had spoken to Hyam about this and he had laughed at her fears and assured her that he could not be ashamed of her. But Esther was dubious. And then, although she treasured the least affectionate word from him, he just took their engagement for granted and never alluded to the subject nearest to her heart—their marriage.

She meant to pay him a visit, but whether she would make herself known or merely try to watch him from afar would depend on what her heart told her when she set eyes on him. She worshiped the clever young man; Hyam was all the world to Esther.

The very atmosphere of the little college town chilled Esther. In this austere sanctuary of learning she felt herself to be a common little shopgirl, without the least claim upon Hyam. She shivered at her audacity and resolved not to make herself known to him.

It was the annual festival day when she arrived. The campus was packed with students and visitors. A Greek play was being given and Esther managed to secure a place, hoping to see her lover somewhere in the audience. She sat and stared at the performance. It was different from anything she had ever known or imagined.

Then suddenly Hyam came along the row of seats immediately in front of her. He was with a stylishly dressed woman and they sat down side by side. Hyam had not even seen her, and yet she was so near she could have stretched out her hand

and touched him. She looked at the woman with that fierce jealousy that a woman feels toward the man she loves; and her fears were less for her own hold upon her lover than for his happiness should he love this woman.

Esther could see that, in spite of fine clothing and air of superficial culture, the companion of her lover was really unworthy of him. There was a certain coarseness of soul about her, a certain something in her laugh that jarred and nettled her. Presently she became aware that she could hear every word they spoke.

"You have told me that time and again," said the woman, tossing her head.

"And I mean it, Mrs. Ray," answered Hyam. "Wait until I have secured my degree and I promise you that in a year I will have the biggest practice in town. I have worked steadily toward that end ever since I came here, cultivating people who will come to me. I tell you, I lay my plans far ahead."

"Well, when you are in that position I will see," answered the woman. "Meanwhile, I shall just go ahead and get my divorce. If you don't make good, it will be somebody else."

"Oh, I'll make good," said Hyam, and their words jarred Esther to the soul.

"How about that little girl you told me about in New York?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"Oh, I was just stringing her," said Hyam. "She is only a common little person. She's all right, but a man isn't going to let himself be dragged down by marrying the wrong sort of woman."

Esther crept away, thankful that Hyam had not seen her. She made her way to the station and sat with dry eyes in the train as it bore her back to the city.

When she reached her hall bedroom she spent an hour tearing up all Hyam's letters. She knew that her life was broken and could never be restored, but something had en-